

TO THE PUBLIC!

WE appreciate the splendid patronage given us during the past year and hope for a continuance of your trade during the coming year and wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

T. M. JONES

Main Street.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

PURELY PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. P. Johnson have moved from their farm near Longview to their beautiful home at 700 Walnut street, in this city.

Mr. H. H. Butler, a young bank clerk from the Farmers & Merchants Bank of Elkton, has come to Hopkinsville and accepted a position with the Planters Bank & Trust Co. He takes the position vacated by George De Treville.

J. C. Galbreath, of Nashville, was here Tuesday.

Dave Shoulters has gone to Tampa, Fla.

Miss Emelia Frankel has returned to La Salle College, near Boston.

Jas. H. West, the bright young son of Dr. and Mrs. N. S. West, has gone to Lebanon, Tenn., to enter Castle Heights School.

Hugh Ligon has entered Bethel College at Russellville.

Misses Fannie and Lottie Baker attended the Foose-Bogard wedding at Golden Pond Tuesday.

Rev. L. L. Spurlin and family have moved Cerulean Springs.

Rev. C. M. Thompson and Mr. J. W. Buck exchanged homes Tuesday. Mr. Buck's former residence on South Main street having been purchased for a parsonage for the First Baptist church, Mr. Buck took the old parsonage in part payment.

Mrs. S. V. Todd, of Memphis, Tenn., is here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lander.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Armistead Churchill, of Hopkinsville, Ky., are visiting Mrs. Churchill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Benson, 320 East Twelfth Street.—Courier-Journal.

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PLANTERS HARDWARE CO.

THE MASTER KEY

(Continued From Page 3.)

he plunged through the shallow panel with Dorr at his shoulder.

Once through they paused in the semidarkness to orientate themselves. Finally the lieutenant stepped forward. "This way," he said. "I hear voices."

At that very moment there came up to them an unearthly scream, a shriek of pure terror.

"Ruth!" John yelled, and he and the officer both plunged forward.

Instead of the firm footing they expected empty air received them. Twenty feet below they struck the water.

Spitting and swearing, the policeman helped Dorr to a little ledge that ran alongside the tunnel.

"The miserable Chink dropped us into the big sewer," he gasped. "It runs into the bay just a little ways on. We'll have to swim for it, partner."

Dorr looked down at his arm and shook his head. "Isn't that a boat over there?" he demanded, pointing into the shadow.

"Blamed if it ain't," said the lieutenant, much relieved. "We'll soon be out of here."

In spite of his wound Dorr insisted on rowing, and the officer philosophically allowed him to, seating himself gingerly in the stern of the little craft and fending it off the brick walls of the tunnel with his hands as the swift current drew them onward.

To John the whole affair seemed like a dream. He saw the great dripping arches sliding past overhead to join the long vista of arches that bridged the glimmering water which splashed gently along to the call of the tide; he saw the dark bulk of the lieutenant in the stern; he felt the pain of his wound; he still heard Ruth's wild call for help. But it was all unrelated, as if each were a fact by itself, isolated. He struggled to gather his senses together.

"Look out!" shouted the policeman suddenly as the great half cylinder curved sharply and a blast of fresh air struck them. "We'll be swept out into the bay! Keep the boat trim!"

Awakened by this warning, John devoted himself to his oars and a half moment later steered their little craft out under the piles of a wharf.

"Where to now?" he demanded dully. The lieutenant pointed a thick forefinger toward another small boat a few rods away. "There is Sing Wah now, by smoke!" he exclaimed.

John glanced around. He first saw the impassive visage of the Chinese and then the figure crouched in the stern sheets. It was Ruth! He raised his voice in a triumphant yell. Hearing that call from her mate, the girl roused herself and cried back across the water: "John! John!"

At this point the police officer took part with a stern order to Sing Wah to stop rowing and surrender. He emphasized this command by covering the Chinese with his revolver.

Sing Wah was of no mind to be caught in this way. With a dexterous sweep of the oars he swirled his little skiff around so that Ruth was between him and the other boat, and he never ceased to pull doggedly away.

"You've got to row, son," said the lieutenant grimly. "Mr. Sing Wah doesn't intend to be caught so easily. I don't shoot for fear of hitting the girl."

John saw the reasonableness of this and bent to his oars without regard to his wound. The boat surged through the water after the other.

With a good lead of a hundred yards Sing Wah stood a fair show of gaining his object—a landing under some wharf and a quiet escape. He knew that if he were to fall into the hands of the police under the present circumstances he would be treated mercilessly. He rowed furiously.

But the Chinese had long since ceased active life, and his muscles were soft. John Dorr steadily gained on him. Slowly he crept up, foot by foot, inch by inch, his eyes fixed on the steady figure of the officer in the stern.

At last he caught encouragement from the policeman's face. He heaved the skiff fairly out of the water, grasped the stern of the other boat and before the Chinese could clear himself for a leap overboard was upon him.

Now, Sing Wah was a true oriental. It showed in his swift drawing of a knife and a swifter slash at John Dorr's arm. But he was too late. With an inarticulate roar of rage John fung the knife overboard and then flung its owner after it.

Sing Wah went and swimming away toward the shelter of a nearby wharf. John strode back to where Ruth lay half inanimate and picked her up in his arms.

"Honey! Honey!" he murmured. "You're safe with me!"

Very slowly she opened her eyes and gazed long and searchingly into his face. It was indeed true that she was safe. She laid her head on his shoulder in perfect confidence that all was well. The police lieutenant stepped into the boat and took the oars.

"It's not like Sing Wah to be doing such tricks," he argued to himself. "I believe that Harry Wilkerson is back of this. I'll just keep an eye out for Mr. Wilkerson."

The lieutenant contemplated his dripping uniform with a frown, which softened when he looked up at the two lovers. He pulled more strongly for the landing.

(CONTINUED)

100 YEARS AGO

The Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815.

However much the battle of New Orleans may have reflected glory on American arms, and it flattered our political history by bringing forward the picturesque and forceful personality of "Old Hickory" it will always be regretted; for it occurred fifteen days after the signing of the treaty of peace at Ghent.—On December 24, 1814. The telegraph had not been invented, and the sailing vessel that bore the news of peace could make but slow progress. The consequent needlessness of this struggle at New Orleans may perhaps serve as a text for the advocates of peace.

It was in the autumn of 1814 that the rumor came of a threatened invasion from England, with New Orleans as the objective point. A fleet of some fifty vessels under Admiral Cochrane, with at least sixteen thousand troops and a thousand guns, duly appeared off the coast of Louisiana. The expedition was commanded by Sir Edward M. Pakenham, a veteran of the Peninsular wars, accompanied by General Gibbs, Keane, and Lambert, all soldiers of repute. Entering Lake Borgne on December 10, the British destroyed six American gunboats. The undefended city of New Orleans was thrown into a state of great excitement.

Meanwhile Jackson, fresh from his victories over the Creek Indians and recently appointed Major General of the Army, had arrived from Florida after a long horseback ride through the wilderness. He put the city under martial law and summoned troops from Baton Rouge, Tennessee, and Mississippi. The first skirmish took place two days before Christmas, six miles below New Orleans. A second engagement occurred on New Year's Day, behind the famous cotton-bale breastworks, the British using hogsheads of sugar for defenses. But the decisive battle was still to come. After days and nights spent in vigorous building of earthworks, the dawn of the 8th of January found the two little armies grimly facing each other for the final struggle. Jackson's 4500 men were entrenched along the Rodriguez Canal.

The British attacked in several divisions, and for two hours the battle raged. But the deadly volleys from the American cannon and muskets played havoc with them. They fell by the hundreds. General Pakenham, riding from the rear to rally his retreating troops, received three shots and died in a few minutes; Generals Gibbs and Keane also fell. The British, thoroughly repulsed in the short but bloody battle,—left 700 dead upon the field and twice as many wounded. The entire American loss was 71. General Lambert, who had succeeded to the British command, decided to withdraw his troops to his ships, and on the 27th of January sailed away from the shores of Louisiana. Thus ended,—let us hope forever,—the appeal to arms between the United States and Great Britain.—From "The Final Battle," in the American Review of Reviews for January.

Hall-Ligon.

The announcement of the marriage of Mr. L. I. Hall, of Seabree, Ky., to Mrs. Ella Ligon, which was solemnized at Nashville last October, was made January 1. Mr. Hall holds a responsible position with the Imperial Tobacco Company here and spends most of his time here. His bride formerly lived at Robards but has been living at Russellville for a short time. Mr. and Mrs. Hall will make their home in Hopkinsville for the present.

Cambridge University, within the last few weeks, has contributed 2,000 officers to the British army.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury as mercury will surely destroy the system and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good they can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and removing all impurities of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 50c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Coughs, Cold Stiff Neck Neuralgia



Especially in the piercing pain of neuralgia or the dull throb of headache is Sloan's Liniment wonderfully relieving. Laid lightly on the part where the pain is felt, it gives at once a feeling of comfort and ease that is most welcome to the overwrought sufferer.

Hear What Others Say:

"There are no Liniments that equal Sloan's. My husband has neuralgia very often, he rubs Sloan's on his face and that is the last of it."—Mrs. F. J. Brown, Route 1, Box 181, Hall, Penn.

"I have used Sloan's Liniment for family use for years and would not be without it. We have raised a family of ten children and have used it for croup and all lung trouble; also, as an antiseptic for wounds, of which children have a great many, it can't be beat. My wife sprained her ankle last summer and it was in bad shape. Sloan's Liniment applied enabled her to be as good as ever in a week. I have used it several times for sprains and rheumatism."—John Newcomb, R. R. No. 2, K-shub, Iowa.

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It works like magic, relieving Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sprains and Bruises. No rubbing—just lay it on. Price 25c. All dealers. Send four cents in stamps for TRIAL BOTTLE. Sent to any address in the U.S. DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc. Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

Marian Harland on Toothpicks

The appearance of the toothpick at table is a gross violation of polite usages. I have a disgusting recollection of seeing a millionaire taking out his false teeth at the conclusion of a dinner party and rinse them in his finger bowl. Yet the act was but a degree more objectionable than to extract a toothpick from one's pocket and coolly remove particles of food which are unpleasant to the eater. He should bear the annoyance rather than sicken the beholders by the sight of an operation which should be performed in the dressing room. Arrange hair and beard.

FREE TO FARMERS SEEDS

By special arrangement the Ratekin Seed House of Shenandoah, Iowa, one of the oldest, best established seed firms in the country will mail a copy of their Big Illustrated Seed Catalogues. This book is complete on all farm and garden seeds. It tells how to grow big yields and all about the best varieties of Corn for your locality; also Seed Oats, Wheat, Barley, Speltz, Grasses, Clovers, Alfalfa, Pasture and Lawn Mixtures, Seed Potatoes and all other farm and garden seeds. This book is worth dollars to all in want of seeds of any kind. IT'S FREE to all our readers. Write for it today and mention this paper. The address is RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Advertisement.

Objects To Pardon.

The Franklin Circuit Court sustained a demurrer to the suit of the State Prison Board to compel Warden Wells, of the Frankfort Reformatory, to obey an order to detail twenty inmates to work on the public roads in Lawrence county. An appeal will be taken by the Prison Board.

Kills Bird of Freedom.

Leo Pearson, a boy at Fayetteville, Tenn., killed a bald eagle measuring 6 feet 9 inches from tip to tip.

Forest Note.

Only 74 per cent of last year's 400 fires in national forests of southern Idaho, western Washington and Nevada caused losses of \$100.

Virginia uses more wood for crates than any other state. It is followed by New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, and California, in the order named.

Those familiar with the eastern mistle only have no idea of the great losses due to this parasite in the forests of the west, where it counts next to fire and insects in the amount of damage done.

In parts of the west where trees are scarce, sage brush is used for fuel. In Nevada the large main stems are trimmed by Indians at \$3.00 a cord and delivered to the user at about \$6.50. Sage brush burns rapidly and is rather dirty, but produces good heat.

A log raft containing one million feet of cedar, said to be the largest ever floated on the Pacific, recently made the trip from British Columbia to Puget Sound. It was 100 feet long and 70 feet wide; it stood 15 feet out of the water and 20 feet under.

St. Louis, Mo., reports fewer marriages than usual at this season and blames business depression.

HOW TO TREAT CROUP EXTERNALLY

Don't dose delicate little stomachs with nauseating drugs—rub

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will overcoat and soothe the inflamed membrane of the throat in five minutes the breathing is easy and in fifteen minutes the worst cases are relieved. The heat of the body releases antiseptic vapors which are inhaled with each breath, loosening the tough phlegm and cleansing the air passages. Absolutely harmless; full ingredients on wrapper. At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Liberal sample on request. Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

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